

# BLUSHES

ISSUE THIRTY SIX

Cover picture from a forthcoming issue of Blushes.

## Warning

This magazine is not to be sold to persons under 18.

Private photographs are selected and printed in order to illustrate and analyze various aspects of human sexuality.

Disputes over the issue of pornography.



NOT TO BE SOLD TO PERSONS UNDER EIGHTEEN

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A black and white photograph showing a person lying down, possibly on a bed or a wooden frame. The person is partially covered by a light-colored, draped cloth. Their face is visible, looking towards the camera. The lighting is dramatic, with strong highlights and shadows. In the foreground, a dark wooden frame is visible, partially obscuring the lower part of the person. The overall mood is intimate and artistic.

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All photos are posed by models, professional or otherwise, over the age of 18; none of the contents of this magazine are intended to condone or encourage sexual coercion. Stories and articles represent fictional situations only; reader's letters should be regarded as legitimate comment reflecting the writer's views alone. All material in this publication is of UK origin.

# THE GUEST ROOM



For the second time in a week, Sarah was sent scampering upstairs. Her mother gave her the usual curt instructions. 'Into the Guest Room, young lady. And put you get yourself ready.' The girl ran upstairs immediately, knowing that to argue would almost guarantee another extra punishment. It was bad enough already. Swearing at her mother was quite inexcusable. At the top of the stairs she turned to the door on her left and opened it, stepping hesitantly into the bright but bare room. She could already feel the clammy cold sweat on her forehead and her hands, just thinking about her punishment was bad enough. Knowing that he would be really strict with her this time. The second time in one week, and by no means the first time she had been warned about her language.

The Guest Room was neatly decorated but sparsely furnished. But the essentials were there. Particularly the table in the centre of the room. And the small set of drawers. She was always reluctant to open those drawers, knowing so intimately their contents. Time was ticking by. Sometimes he returned to the house quite early in the afternoon. And if Sarah wasn't absolutely ready, he would get really cross. In any case, her mother would be up in a minute or so and there were preparations to be made.

Already experiencing the first twinges of fear, the girl reached down to slide open the first of the set of bedside drawers. She drew out the single thin stick of red lipstick, and placed it carefully at





one end of the table. Quickly, she lifted the single bedroom chair into the centre of the room, close to the end of the table. Suddenly she heard her mother's footsteps in the hall. With fumbling fingers the girl reached for the waistband of her pants, undid the belt and unhooked them, hurriedly tugging the tight garment down over her hips. Little white knickers followed, to nestle around the very top of her thighs. And then, obediently, she raised her hands to place them on her head, as she stood, smartly upright, her feet together, facing the table and the lipstick. Her mother's footsteps were now dimming the staircase. She would know her fate very soon now.

Her bottom, the bare flesh reacting to the cool air, felt suddenly chilled. That would soon be corrected. Sarah clenched and unclenched her bottom cheeks in dreaded anticipation.

Her mother entered the room, her eyes immediately searching for the lipstick on the table. And then she looked up and down her daughter, checking that she was ready. "Good." The woman moved the upright chair slightly and sat down, patting her legs. Quietly, not wishing to provoke her mother in any further way, young Sarah draped herself across her mother's knee. "The second time in a week, isn't it?" Sarah felt her mother's warm palm resting over the summit of one of her bottom cheeks, riding its firm redness. "Yes, Mother." And after a few warm about your language, young lady! Again, the girl agreed quietly with her mother. She could feel her bottom wobbling slightly as her mother patted it almost steadily. "Well this time, you're going to get a thrashing you'll never forget."

Sarah, her face close to the bedroom carpet, bottom riding high over her mother's lap, her long legs dangling ungraciously, felt the movement as her mother leaped over to take the lipstick from the table. Sometimes, Sarah could guess the result. She would close her eyes and imagine her mother, and the lipstick proved lightly against Sarah's bottom. There was always a little pause while the woman unscrewed the lipstick, and then its cold touch, in contrast to the warmth of her mother's hands, holding her, reddening her wobbling bottom cheeks. The room was silent. It took only a second, and then Sarah was told to stand up. Without another word, her mother left the room and returned to her downstairs work.

As soon as her mother had reached the foot of the staircase, Sarah ran across to the mirror. Anxiously she basted her neck and stared at the image of her bared bottom. "Oh bloody hell!" Immediately she bit back her tongue, realising how easily she could resort to swear-words. There in the mirror, two figures clearly written in red lipstick, one across the summit of each bottom cheek. On one, the figure "11", on the other, the figure "21". Sarah's long legs threatened to buckle as she







mouthered the numbers. "Twelve strokes! Twelve strokes!" Last time, her mother had ordered nine strokes and that was bad enough! She had danced around the room in a wild obscene dance attempting to exorcise the sting of the cane. Not twelve strokes. She just wouldn't cope with that. Tears were already welling in her eyes as she returned the lipstick to the top drawer and the chair to the side of the room.

Next it was the second drawer contents inside, her outfit, carefully folded. Onip and clean. She lifted out the garments and placed them on the table. And then she undressed, first her sandals, and then her jeans. Then her blouse and her ankle socks. And then finally her bra and knickers. Naked, she stood by the table and carefully folded her items of her attire, building up a neat pile of clothes which she placed in the drawer.

Her punishment dress was simple and effective in that Sarah felt so dreadful, standing there before him, as he walked around her, just a white tee shirt, and the brief white knickers through which he could see the shadow of her dark bush. And the wrap-around skirt which, more than anything else made her feel as though she was back at school. She dressed quickly, well aware that the time was passing by. Even now, he could be turning the corner of the street, approaching. She prayed fervently, as she always prayed,





that he had had a good day. Twelve strokes of the cane would be dreadful. But applied by an angry man...

In the corner of the second drawer she found the hairbrush. She knew well its cold curved back. Smooth and hard. In times past, it had been smacked firmly and frequently across her bottom. In experienced hands it was a fearful instrument of punishment. But now it reverted to its other use. Now, at eighteen, Sarah had graduated to the cane. Quickly she brushed out her hair, knowing that he would inspect her, instant that she looked well-groomed. Once he gave her an extra stroke because her side-tails weren't trimmed to his liking. And her teeth clean and white. She checked quickly in the mirror. If her hair looked all unkempt, then the hairbrush came out again, to be applied across how ever many cane strokes her bottom cheeks had already received.

She never felt really ready for him. But there was nothing else to do right now. Until he came. In silence she would have to wait for him, as he sat down, up at the bare empty room. She walked over to the window, where from behind the curtains she could watch for his arrival. He would be walking, as usual. A brisk smart walk, reminiscent of his military service. That's why he liked her to stand as if to attention. Perhaps it reminded him of his service days.





The girl says, "Look... Please, Mr Maxton..." Her attractive voice has an anxious, urgent edge. She is a very pretty girl, a blonde with thick, wavy hair the colour of ripe corn, tallish and slim in a tight-waisted pinky-grey tweed suit. Her long legs which show the sheen of sheer nylons stand on white high-heeled court shoes. She is clutching a white leather handbag in tight fingers which also indicate the same air of anxiety and apprehension. Mr Maxton... Mr Maxton is the man sitting behind the desk, a desk-top's width from her. He is perhaps 50 and thus some 30 years older than the girl who has been summoned here, with smooth grey hair and a handsome face. He is in shirt-sleeves and tie, but it is an expensive shirt, the cut of Jermyn Street, the dark, firmly knotted tie of woven silk. The girl's plea gets only a cool, appraising look.

"I really...have to go," she adds, nervously shifting her weight from one high heel to the other in the manner perhaps of one who needs to visit the bathroom. The movement causes the tweed skirt to tighten attractively across her buttocks, which with her slim waist, appear fuller than mere inches would indicate.

Mr Maxton this time gives a little smile. "You don't have to go anywhere, Susan. You are not going anywhere. Not until I say so." He smiled again, "Tell me..." A pause so that her attention will be fully engaged. "Tell me, are you wearing knickers?"

The cool question out of the blue has its perhaps intended effect as colour rapidly flushes into the girl's pretty cheeks. The full-tipped mouth, pink-lipsticked, opens for an involuntary intake of breath. Her weight shifts again onto the other white shoe. Hands reaching the handbag. "Look," she gasps out, "I don't have to..." But what she doesn't have to do falls off into nothing. "You can't..." This too is left without foundation in this air. Clearly this girl does not regard herself as on any sort of firm ground.

"Can't what, Susan? Don't be so indecisive. But if you mean I can't ask if you have knickers on, well quite clearly I have. And if you don't answer in five seconds I shall simply take your skirt off so that I can see for myself. Five seconds beginning now."

"Y... Yes." The word pops out almost immediately. There is perhaps panic rising.

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## SUSAN IN TROUBLE

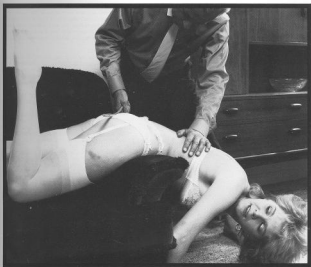
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"That is better, Miss. Now, what I want is for you to take them off. Do that please."

The pink mouth opens. She swallows. Her pressing need to leave is now forgotten in the face of this shocking request. She weakly shakes her head.

"Do it, Miss. Or do you wish me to bring someone in here to hold you while I do it?"

The girl makes a despairing whimpering sound but evidently she is not in a position to argue with what might be thought an unreasonable instruction. She places the handbag on the desk and her hands go to the tweed skirt. Lifting it and the pink slip underneath. The skirt is full, pleated, so it is possi-



Me to do what she has to do without fully lifting it, not at the front at least, and there is also the desk hiding these intimate actions. Red-faced fumbblings. Bending. Standing straight again. A brief garment is bunched in one hand.

'Put them on the table. And then come round here.'

A little pile of crumpled pink nylon on the edge of the polished wood desk. Her frantic eyes don't know where to look. The long nyloned legs move somewhat clumsily, as if not fully under her control, as she comes round, to where he has indicated. Next to him.

'That's better, Susan. Now, tell me, why is it that you have to be off in such a hurry?'

'I...I've...got to see...my fiance. We arranged...'

'Oh I'm sure he'll understand, Susan. When you tell him what you've got yourself into. Mmmmm?'

She swallows. Her eyes catch Mr Maxton's and look rapidly away. Her gaze focuses on that little pile of pink nylon on the desk: there seems to be nowhere to look.

'Part your legs, Miss. Your feet apart a little bit.'

She licks her lip, and shuffles her feet. 'Farther.' They move above 12 inches apart. 'That's it. Keep still...'

Mr Maxton's hand has reached out. Up under the front of the second skirt. 'No!' she whispers. 'Stand still, Susan. Why do I have to keep repeating myself? I should have thought, with the trouble you're in, you would be doing everything I tell you immediately. Yes?'

The hand has slid up between her trumbling thighs. Up to the tops of the stockings where there is warm bare flesh. 'Please...' she gags.

'Just keep still, Susan. I sincerely wish to see...I mean you just possibly might have had two pairs on.'

His hand is right there. Right up between her legs. The fur-covered swell of flesh with its central split. The girl's legs are trembling but she has kept her feet apart. Her hand has gone out to the desk, though, for support. She is making frantic gasping sounds.

'Yes. All right. What is your fiance's name, Susan?'

His hand is still there. A finger is tracing along the line between the lips. It is moist, slippery.

'S...S...Simon.'

'Simon and Susan eh? How sweet!'

Mr Maxton is at last taking his hand away. He is no longer doing that impossible thing which has had her thinking she is going to faint at any moment, or perhaps her legs will simply collapse to send her slithering to the floor in a jelly-like heap. He has stopped. He is standing up.

'Right. You can go and see Simon, Susan. But first I am going to cure you. To give you something to think about until tomorrow. Where would you like it?'

Her mouth opens, to make a meaningless sound. One unspeakable thing has stopped but another...I am going to come you.

'You can have it on your bare bottom or you can have it on your hand.' Mr Maxton is walking over to a cupboard. 'I don't mind. I shall make it hurt which ever you decide.' She wants to blurt out that he can't. He can't cure her. But of course the truth is that he is in a position to do whatever he wants.

Mr Maxton has the cure now. Her wide eyes focus on it and draw away. 'Yes, Susan? What is it to be?'

Her eyes have again found her knickers...she hasn't herself whisper, 'M...M...My hand.'



Mr Maxton smiles. 'Surprise, surprise, eh? Hold it out then. Flat and firm and don't move it. We'll have two on each. But if you don't keep it still I'll have to repeat them.'

Her eyes big as saucers, she holds her right hand extended, palm up, at chest height. She is already making little whispering sounds. Mr Maxton measures the distance. Raises the cane....

THWAPPE....

The solid meaty sound is followed by an instantaneous scream of pain. Susan is clutching her hand which feels as if it has been cut in two. Her mouth is working, opening and closing as she tries to come to terms with the horrendous pain. Tear-drops well out from the corners of the big blue eyes, to trickle down her cheeks.

'Does it hurt?' he inquires mildly. 'I insist it is, of course. You've got to suffer or you won't appreciate the seriousness of your situation. Now the other one.'

'No!' There is no possible way she can hold her hand out for another like that. Or so she thinks.

'Hold it out, Miss!' Mr Maxton's voice is low and steady. 'Or I'll bring someone in here to hold you down while I cane the daylight out of your bare bottom. You've got five seconds.'

Her left hand somehow comes out. It is held there while Susan makes a low moaning sound and the cane swings up and slices down. At the last moment it is too much and the hand moves but the cane is too quick and whips in across palm and fingers.

'You almost had to have that again, Susan.'

Mr Maxton's voice is cool and unconcerned as the girl writhes, bent double over her fiery hand, her mouth open in a soundless scream.

\* \* \*

'I c-couldn't help it,' she stammers into the phone. 'I'm sorry, I... had to work late.' Her voice sounds funny to her, as if it's another person speaking. At least she isn't crying, not at the moment. But the tears are still there, not far away and ready to come flowing out again at any time. They did on the bus coming home and she had to quickly blow her nose to disguise it. Oh God!

Simon is going on, not content with her explanation. Couldn't she have phoned him before? She blinks, and looks at her hand. It still throbs and you can still see the two marks, one across the middle of the palm, the other half palm, half fingers. Her other hand is just the same. Even the thought of that sickening pain makes her feel sick. And there is the thought of tomorrow.

Simon is suggesting that he comes round. 'No!' she says quickly. 'No... I... I've got a headache.' That at least is true. But the fact is she doesn't want to see Simon, or anyone. He will quickly see the state she is in and guess something is wrong. And her hands. He'd probably see her hands.

'Tomorrow then,' Simon says. Oh God. Tomorrow. Tomorrow there is Mr Maxton again. Mr Maxton has not finished. 'This is only a start,' he said. That sickening cane. That other awful business before. He still has her knickers. Just a start. But there is nothing she can do. So she has no choice.

\* \* \*

Not Mr Maxton's office this time. It is a flat. Mr Maxton's flat or it could possibly be someone else's. She doesn't know. He hasn't said and of course she hasn't asked. Why has he brought her here? To cane her again? She shivers. Very likely. But yesterday he cased her in his office, now he has brought her here. She at least has phoned Simon. Managing to pluck up the courage to ask that when Mr Maxton said he was taking her somewhere. Mr Maxton with a quizzical little smile said, 'Yes. Why not? Poor Simon.'

'I have to work late again. I'm sorry,' Simon, annoyed, asked how long. She didn't know. She doesn't know. As she





now sits on the settee in this room. Mr Maxton has gone into another room. 'Just a moment.' And then he'll be back. And then...they have come in Mr Maxton's car, a red Jaguar. Getting out of it he gave her his umbrella to carry. Inside it, with the end sticking out, was that cane. Which has yesterday left those red marks on her hands.

He is only a few minutes. Mr Maxton has taken off his jacket. So he can swing the cane more freely? His little smile. 'Well, Susan, are we ready to begin?'

'NO!' she blurts out. 'I can't...Not again. Not that...cane...'

'Not the cane?' Mr Maxton is sitting down next to her. 'What then? Something else?' He takes her chin in his hand, turning her face to look into the big blue eyes. 'Something else, Susan?'

She swallows. She is afraid she is going to cry. Something else is probably worse than the cane. If that is possible.

'Anyway, Susan, it's not going to be on your hands today. It's going to be on your bottom. That's really the proper place to cane a girl. On her nice soft, sensitive bottom.'

She is going to cry. She can feel it, Mr Maxton...

His hand leaves her chin. 'Stand up. Take your dress off. And your slip. I suppose you've got knickers on, eh? Let's see.'

Standing. There is no choice and there is no point arguing. Unripping her dress. Lifting it over her head. Then the slip. She does have knickers on although Mr Maxton has yesterday's pair, in his desk drawer at the office or somewhere. The brief knickers are pink, like yesterday's. They catch the slim-strapped suspender belt and the bra. Is she going to have to...?

Mr Maxton has got up. He is holding the cane. She must lie down on the settee with her hips over the arm and her head down on the floor. Mr Maxton...is sliding down her knickers.

She wants to scream out but she doesn't. Maybe she is struck dumb. Certainly she is in a funny state, it is almost as if it is someone else lying over the arm of the settee with her bottom bare. Someone else and she is watching. Watching as Mr Maxton carefully lifts the cane. Swings it back...and forward...

THWAPP!!...

A real scream this time all right. The girl on the settee, herself. As the cane impacts and the fiery shooting pain explodes up through her like the shock wave of a bomb.

'Don't move, Miss.' Mr Maxton's barked command. He is pulling her arms behind her back, holding her two wrists there...

THWAPP!!...

Like the cane across her hand it feels as if it has knifed her in two. This one slightly lower than the first, on the fullest, softest under swell. She can't take that pain. It is not possible...

THWAPP!!...

But there is no way to stop it.

THWAPP!!.....

\* \* \*

How many? She doesn't know. Five...or ten...or twenty. They are anyway all rolled into one. She can't stand but Mr Maxton is holding her. He is pulling her knickers on down. Bending to take her shoes off, and then her knickers. She can't really see, not properly, her eyes are full of tears. He is taking her arm. They are going into the other room. It is a bedroom.

A bed.

Mr Maxton pulling the cover back.

Her poor bottom is still burning, on fire.

Mr Maxton is loosening that yellow silk tie.

Unbuttoning the splendidly crisp shirt.

'Come on, Susan. Let's see what you're like, shall we? Let's see what you're like with Simon.'











## IN AN ENGLISHMAN'S CASTLE

It is a substantial brick house, in a street of similarly substantial houses. They date from the 1930's probably when space was not at the premium it is today and houses could be built with a bit of elbow room; these plots are all of something like an acre. And the builders too in those days, they knew their trade and were not skimping in time or effort. One would have to look at this brickwork for a very long time to find any fault with it. And the roof, the neat white window frames, the cast-iron rainpipes: all solid English craftsmanship. The garden, like all the others on this leafy street, rathered after its 50 or so years, is neat, well-tended behind its substantial hedges. Substantial for we are looking at middle-class suburban England where a certain privacy is an essential virtue. The casual passer-by cannot peer in and observe the middle-class suburban Englishman at home. But if he could...

In there, that French window. The middle-class Englishman clearly dresses informally at home. Jeans, a short-sleeved shirt, sandals. Reading a newspaper: *The Telegraph* no doubt. And in here: the next window. Oh. What... Well, it is unexpected to say the least. But an Englishman's home is his castle. He can do...

Mr Winder glances up from his newspaper. "Are you standing close, Amanda? Nice and close?"

She can feel the burning heat of the electric fire on the backs of her legs. On her bottom. She can't see Mr Winder but she can hear him well enough. He is just round the corner in the other room, with the door open. "It's hot." Her voice is nervous. "Too hot. I'm burning."

"You will be burning before I'm finished with you, my girl. You won't want to sit on it. And it won't be because of that fire. You stand close, do you hear? If the seat of those knickers isn't really steaming when I come in there..."

Mr Winder lets his sentence tail off, the throat, whatever it was, unaided, as he resumes his study of the racing form. Amanda bites her lip. A soft full lower lip. Is a softly pretty face framed in short brown curls. A sensitive face, young looking, the face one might imagine, although in fact Amanda is turned 20, of a girl untasted by the world's trials and tribulations. Perhaps that is why she has been made to stand here in front of the electric fire with her dress held high to expose her knickers. Part of a toughening process. That fire and of course the towel.





It is the towel that Amanda's blue eyes are fixed on as she stands feeling the fire's hot rays tingling the backs of her legs and her bottom. The towel and the fire are inter-related as in a mathematical equation:  $a + b = k$  (constant). Or so she thinks. If Mr Winder decides her bottom is not hot enough from the fire he is going to give her more of that towel. Whereas if her bottom is hot... well, possibly... the heat of the fire is burning, like lying in the hot midday sun on a Mediterranean beach but this burning is not to be compared with the burn that the towel will impart. So if the equation is right and  $k$  is a constant it is in Amanda's own interest to take as much of the fire as she can. She experimentally edges back a fraction, a centimetre. The trouble is it is very hot already; she could actually be burning. All that exposed flesh which is presented to the fire as she stands with her dress held high round her neck.

Amanda has knickers on but they are lowered halfway down her thighs. These are white stockings, with a suspender belt, and the white nylon knickers are below the tops of the stockings. Her bottom is thus quite bare as also are the upper parts of her thighs. And the stockings anyway, sheer fine denier nylons, are of a most insubstantial nature and no real protection whatsoever. It is no good, the heat is killing, the knickers, the stockings, will probably be burning into flames at any moment. Amanda has to edge forward again. As little as possible. Thinking about Mr Winder as he sits just beyond the open door. And eyeing the towel.

He has placed it on the chair. A child's wooden high chair with a semi-circular ranged back. The varnished seat has a cushion on and on the cushion Mr Winder has played his towel. Amanda is going to get that towel and she is going to get it kneeling up on the cushion. Her mouth opens in an involuntary grimace, showing pretty white teeth. The heat of the fire... and the prospect perhaps even worse... No, the prospect definitely worse. That towel. She has had the towel and knows what it is like. It can make you feel sick. But she has not had it like this, with her bottom already scorching from the fire. Every nerve and tingling with intense sensitivity and then... it doesn't bear thinking about. Thought of course Amanda is thinking about it. She gives a little gasp. A moan. Mr Winder next door looks up.

'Are you sure you're close, girl.'

'I am, I am. It's killing me,' she yelps. 'I think I'm going to faint... or something.'

'If you faint, Amanda, I'll throw you in a bath of cold water with a bucket of ice thrown in as well. That'll bring you round.'

She makes another whimpering groan. 'Please...'

Mr Winder puts the paper down and gets heavily to his feet. Amanda's eyes flicker like a frightened rabbit's as he appears. Looking to the towel and then to the advancing Mr Winder. For the moment the burning heat on her bottom and legs is forgotten.

He comes close. Puts his face inches from hers. 'Please, Amanda! I'll give you please, my girl.' He goes round, behind her. Bending, Amanda can sense his face almost touching her hot bottom. Her mouth opens in a silent scream. His hand is patting.

'Done, are you? Cooked enough, girl? Done to a turn yet?' His hand on the hot bare rear of Amanda's leg. And then inside, in the narrow space between her thighs above her stocking tops. 'And what about here? Hot here, Miss?'

She stifles a whimper. Mr Winder's hand is sliding up between her legs. As far as it can go. 'Hot eh, Amanda? Hot pants.' He rubs her there, her most sensitive part.



Her breath gasps out. And then a squeal as the fingers sharply pinch a segment of sensitive inner thigh flesh. A sharp smack on her roasted bottom.

'We'll give you a hit longer, Amanda. Can you well and truly *done* first. How about that? Stand closer. We'll have 10 minutes of standing nice and close. After that I think we can proceed.'

Mr Winder is going back to his chair. Amanda is closer: a couple of inches. It may not sound a lot but as close as she is it can make all the difference. Between being just able to stand it... or not. She surreptitiously shuffles her feet. It feels like she is being burnt alive.

'Mr Winder. I'm burning.' A frantic little voice.

'Nonsense!' He does not bother to look up. 'You're just weak, Amanda. And I'm making you nice and strong.

Don't you dare move. Or else.'

The heat is impossible. She manages to shuffled forward a little bit. Mr Winder won't know. Or so she fervently hopes. Ten minutes. How many of them left?

Mr Winder, head still down in his paper, says, 'Two minutes, Amanda. Then we'll start. And I know exactly where your feet were. So if you've moved a millimetre forward...'

Oh God. She must... 'And don't start shuffling back now. That will make the offence twice as bad. Decent on top of decent.' He looks up. 'Don't *move a hair's breadth*, girl!'

Her heart is galloping like a racehorse. No doubt in part is an attempt to cool her overheated flesh but also because she is dead scared of that tawse. And dead scared of Mr



Winder. Who is now putting down his paper again and getting to his feet. And coming...

"As I thought, you wretched deceitful girl." His hand sharply smacking her burning bottom. "Cheating. Oh dear me. We are going to have to give you a real going over, aren't we?"

Oh God! Mr Winder is picking up the towel. Beckoning her. She can at last move away from the scorching heat, but... there is a sudden urgent need to pee. If she can't she is going to wet her pants. Like a wretched little kid. Oh God! Squirming her hips, her burning bottom. Her bladder is all at once burning, or feels like it. She can't hold it. Mr Winder is pointing with the towel at the cushion on the high chair...

"I...I need...! It is going to come out. Please...! I have to!"

"Have to, Amanda?" Mr Winder has stepped briskly to her. "What kind of talk is that? You can't control you bodily functions? You are going to wet yourself? Is that it?" He is glaring at her, his eyes fierce, like that fire.

"I...! Amanda squirms again, shifting her weight from one leg to the other. She is still obediently holding her skirt bunched at her waist. "It...just suddenly... Ooooooh... Please I do need to."

"I think you're trying to con, Miss." His hand is at her bottom, her burning bum. "We've got this heated up, for the towel. I think this is simply another trick, to cheat the routine I've arranged for you. You think if you go in the bathroom and put a wet flannel on your bottom...when you come back the towel can't go to sting."

"No!" she sobs. *I do need to. It's desperate.* Squirming her knees together. It really does feel as if she can't hold it. And it'll simply... trickle down her legs. A shameful wet patch on the carpet. That would be worse than the fire. Worse than the towel.

"Open your legs."

Oh! Making herself part her squeezed-together knees. Mr Winder's hand... sliding in there. A despairing wail. His intruding hand right there. "If I let you go, Amanda, you'll be back in here and standing two inches from that fire. Is that understood?"

"Yes," she gasps. "Yes!" Anything. Stumbling out with her skirt still held high and the lowered knickers round her thighs. And the splash of the towel across her charming buttocks as she goes. In the bathroom she just makes it. The shock of the cold lee seat on her inflamed bottom. But... Oooooohhhhh...

Back in the lounge Mr Winder resists it. Well not two inches but *really* close. Really burning. "We can't have cheating, Miss, can we?" Her bottom is pulsating with the heat when finally, for the second time, he tells her he is ready. Now: the towel. Oh Jesus. She again feels the urge to go to the loo. Gritting her teeth. She can't dare ask him. And there can't really be anything, she's just been. It's only nerves, because she's in such a blue funk.

Standing there. Enduring, with little moaning sounds. Mr Winder has moved the chair in close, next to her, almost touching. The towel is right there. She could reach out and touch it. A split-tongued length of thick leather. To be whipped down on her bare bottom. Oh Christ. The chair, the towel, the immediacy of what is to happen, at least serves to concentrate her mind. The urgent thought that she has to go to the loo again has disappeared because all she can think of is being slapped. Oh God...

Now. Mr Winder. "Are we ready then?" Moving her to the side. Out of the direct heat of the fire at last. Mr Winder has the chair, moving it closer to the fire. Just about where she was standing. Gritting at her.

"We want you to stay nice and warm, oh Amanda."









Mr Winder can afford a joke. He is enjoying this. Every moment of it. He is some kind of sadist no doubt, probably overjoyed when he learnt he could have her for two whole days. He tells her to turn, and put her hands on her head. He is doing something behind her. Bunching up her skirt, tucking it in so that it stays up at the back. So that her hot bottom remains exposed. A brusque slap to the burning flesh makes her yelp.

'Ready then, are we? A hot burn but it's got to be a lot hotter than that.' He puts the cushion of the chair.

He used this chair before, the other time when she came, was sent, just for the afternoon. She didn't think he meant it then, couldn't believe he really meant it. But then twice slapping in across her leg — once, twice in quick succession and then a third as it were for luck — rapidly convinced her. Amanda doesn't need any convincing now. Mr Winder will do whatever he wants. This time. And this time...she is not here just for a short afternoon visit. It is.

She does what he tells her. Gets on the seat. Holding her skirt up in front again now. Kneeling. Bending over, lowering her head down in front of the fire. It is hot on her face and her bottom is still doubting from the fire. The twice, Mr Winder has it in his hand. Bringing it in close under her face. She can smell the leathery smell. He is bending over her. His other hand is at her bottom.

'Kiss it, Amanda. Kiss the strap.'

The heat is making the tange, leathery smell stronger. And something else: doubt has probably been rubbed in it, to make it supple, and there is that smell too. And with her head down like this...A massuous sensation. Mr Winder is pushing the strap against her mouth.

'A proper kiss, Amanda. Put your tongue out. A nice French kiss.'

She makes herself, feeling really sick now. Her mouth open, her tongue on the leather. Mr Winder's hand is still at her hot bottom. Now sliding down.

'Hot, are we, Amanda? Nice and hot?'

She moans, her mouth still open. His hand is going between her legs. 'Let's see if we're hot in here.' His fingers...

'Oh yes. She's hot all right.' The fingers begin working her. Amanda tries to move her face away from the massuous taste and smell of the hot leather but he keeps it pressed there. His face comes close, at her ear.

'I know what you'd really like, Amanda. You'd like me to bring you off, wouldn't you? You're all hot and ready for it.' His fingers are sliding in and out. 'Yes, that's what you'd like. You wretched girl.'

The hand comes away. Mr Winder straightens up, taking the twice away from her face. Amanda is gasping, almost sobbing.

'Naughty, wretched girl. Well you're not getting that. We'll have none of that business. What you're getting is the strap on your bottom. Come on.'

The twice flicks in onto Amanda's heat-sensitized ramp, the twin ripe cheeks. She squeals.

'Come on then. Get your bottom out a bit more. I want a nice big target. And don't you move it. You know this is all for your own good, Amanda. You do appreciate that I hope.'

The strap comes in again. A harder one. She yowls. It is happening now. An intense, hot smart across the cheeks of her bottom.

'You do know that, Amanda. Let me hear you say it.'

She is still gasping, moaning. She splutters something.

'What, Amanda?'

'Ooooh...Yesss....'

SPLATT!!!... 'Yes, my girl.'



# JOIN THE DOTS



She shivered. It wasn't cold but it didn't have to be when you were standing there without your dress, or your slip. Her body bare, apart from her shoes. Her shiny, black 5 inch heeled courts.

She took a tentative step to the banister. The large square hall below, empty now for it was Saturday afternoon. No one would be here on Saturday afternoon. No one except...she glanced around. The emptiness was eerie. She had only seen it before during the week when it was full of money, jostling students. But now...

Another shiver. The soft, bare undersides of her thighs trembling. The woman's angry, frightening eyes. She could see them. 'Do you want to be expelled, Miss? Kicked out *this very afternoon*? I can, you know.'

She had thought she was going to. She had been in tears. Pleading. She wasn't listening, or didn't seem to be. But final-





ly Mrs Grayfield said it. 'If I don't kick you out, Miss, you'll get something that will be even worse.' You'll wish I had kicked you out. You'll be pleading to be kicked out.'

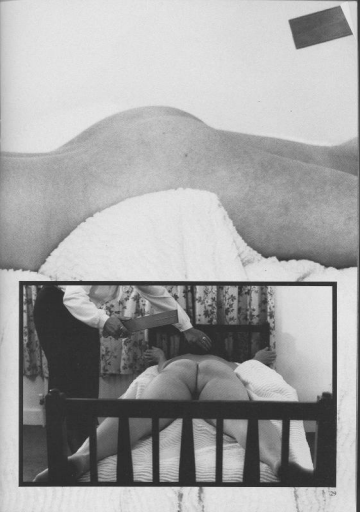
No. Nothing could be worse than that. 'Anything!' she begged.

Her face, the still angry eyes, had come close. 'A strapping then, young lady. If I don't kick you out it'll be a strapping on your bare bottom.'

She glanced around again. 'Was she here yet? She had given her a key to the Medical Room. She wasn't there when she arrived ten minutes ago but she had gone in and done what she had said. 'If you're not here I want you I shall kick you out anyway, Samantha. Take all your things off in the medical room and wait outside on the balcony.' Was she really going to strap her? Her mind had difficulty in accepting the enormity of the idea, in accepting that it could really happen. The idea of being kicked out of college was real enough though. A girl had been expelled last year.

No one knew she was here and no one would come in on a Saturday afternoon. But what if someone did? The caretaker? No, he wouldn't, the only one would be Mrs Grayfield. Being punished of course wasn't official, it would be embarrassing for her if anyone knew so she wouldn't want anyone to know. But being kicked out was official and above board: she could do that, she knew, if







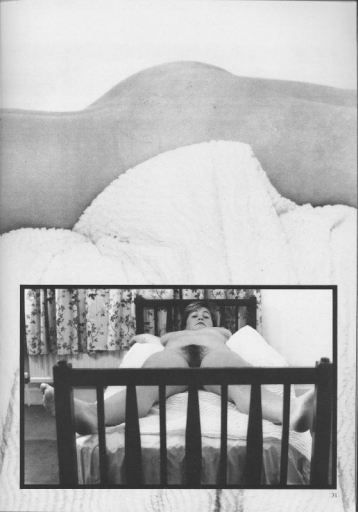
she wanted to. For what she had done. If she hadn't been so desperate she would never have dreamt of it. She wouldn't have dreamt of it anyway if Joanne hadn't said it, as a joke. 'Have a look at the papers there. They're there in her office and that cupboard's probably not locked at lunchtime.'

Joanne had only said it as a joke and Samantha would never have thought of it as anything else except that not having done any work she was really desperate, really to do any desperate thing. She had been there at the cupboard. It hadn't been locked, but Mrs Grayfield had come in. That was just her luck, to try such a thing and then be caught red-handed, because Mrs Grayfield normally never went in there at lunchtime, she knew. But when she turned, her face, her eyes wide, for a second unbelieving... and then...

She arrived as she was standing there at the bureau, the stairs creaking as she came up.

Standing close, not speaking, her eyes going over her. Samantha looked past her, not wanting to meet those eyes. They were not angry now. What were they? She was going to enjoy it probably. The way the woman looked her up and down — she was going to enjoy it.

'Good.' Speaking at last. 'Here we are then, young lady. Been strapped before,









have said?"

"Shaking her head. Feeling sick. Turn round. Stand up straight. That's it." Her hand sharply attacked her bare thigh at the back, stinging and making her jerk away. The contact, flesh against flesh, was an abrupt reminder of her nude state. She whimpered.

"Spread your arms out. Along the banister. And bend over. Get your head down."

She did it. Her head hanging down in space. The feeling of nausea increased. Mrs Grayfield's hand was at her bottom.

"I'm going to make you wish you were being expelled, Miss. I'm going to make this so hot you won't want to sit on it for a week. I'm really going to teach you a lesson." Two, then three strokes of a thick, padded strap, and Samantha was gulping back sobs.

There was no point pleading with her. She had agreed to this, had wanted it, rather than being kicked out, and it had to be better, anything was better than that...

Into the Medical Room, Samantha. We'll have you stretched out along the bed, shall we? Bottom nice and high? Another sharp smack propelled the girl into the little room. The door shut, and Mrs Grayfield was there behind her. Seating...



# • FEEDBACK •

Dear Sir,

Over the last few months, your magazine has gone splendidly far ahead of other rival magazines and I wish to congratulate you especially on *Blushes* Issue No. 34.

'Art for Art's Sake', story of Charlie/Charlotte was quite superb except it obviously cried out for bondage. I may be wrong, but it would appear that you can write articles containing bondage scenes providing you do not portray them in order to conform to legal requirements. For example, 'The Story of "O"' is fairly regularly on sale as a paperback in W.H. Smiths or other book shops and contains portrayals of 'O' in bondage and being whipped.

Could we therefore look in future issues to such stories such as the 'Charlotte' one in issue 34. Alternatively, could we have a photo sequence (without bondage) to illustrate the story starting from Charlotte's bare midriff arrival, which as I say, I thought superb.

One final request, could a future story — or photo sequence, involve an outdoor 'stripping' in a cold or freezing scenario.

Keep up the good work,  
David J., Nottingham

*Offs. David — very off.*

Dear Sir,

I have just collected my copies of *Blushes* 35 and New Supplement 22, perhaps the following observations would be of interest to other readers of your excellent magazines.

I feel that in the Nursery Position (*Blushes* 35) Tania should have been treated as Verushka (New Supplement 22) and told to sit on the toilet and relieve herself as this would have been truly humiliating to her.

We all know how nerves effect the

bladder and although it has been hinted at surely there must be some readers who have a procedure that ensures there are no accidents.

In all your stories, girls are left waiting in anticipation of punishment for some considerable time. Therefore it is only logical sooner or later one of them will beg to be allowed to go to the loo. If so she must be supervised as she may be just using this as an excuse to delay punishment.

An additional humiliation is the shaving of all pubic and anal hair. So that everytime she has to perform a basic body function and dries her shaven pussy she is reminded of her humiliation.

Perhaps some of your models should be shaven.

I also agree with J.M.'s letter in *Blushes* 35 about examination. How about a story of Customs & Excise at a Foreign Airport conducting a strip search for drugs.

1. Dress removed and examined.
2. Bra removed, armpits and under breasts examined for needle marks.
3. Knickers removed, she is bent over and told to pull her bum cheeks apart for a rectal examination.
4. Up on the couch, knees apart, for her cunt to be examined.
5. Because pot has been found she is given the choice of a cating by the Custom Officer or of being locked up in a Foreign prison.

I am sure a story along the above lines would be of interest.

Yours sincerely,  
John W., London

Dear Sir,

Although not a regular reader of *Blushes*, I have bought the occasional copy and also *Uniform Girls*. I have to admit to liking the earlier copies which seemed to feature more readers' letters.

In *Uniform Girls* 8 you have a good article on How Champions are Made, but the girl athlete is wearing black slip-on plimsolls and being slipped with the heel of a white lace to the plimsoll. She should be wearing the white and feeling the black one across her bottom. The slip on plimsolls are much lighter and tend to sting more than the lace up ones as my wife will testify.

When I discipline my wife we have a back to school weekend during which time my wife dresses and acts as a schoolgirl. I pay particular attention to her wardrobe, even to the point of checking every item has a name tag sewn in it or is named in the case of shoes etc.

The punishment weekend starts Friday evening at 7.30 p.m. and continues until Sunday evening.

She has a uniform of blue blouse, maroon skirt and knickers, white ankle socks, brown sandals and a tie. Between 9 am and 4 pm both Saturday and Sunday she attends school lessons including a PE session, a cross country run, an essay written and will have a thorough medical examination. To give the medical I dress as the schools matron and as well as shaving her pubic hair completely, I give her a 2 pint enema. Getting her to take the enema usually requires me to persuade her with what 'matron' calls 'Miss Stinger'. My wife had a pair of flat bedroom slippers, and by removing all of the fabric I was left with 2 size six plastic soles. These I stuck together with cressick and when applied to a hard bottom the effect is immediate.

Her weekend kit includes a duffle bag containing:- white tee shirt, green shorts, white ankle socks and

white pinnos for PE and games shirt, green knickers and games skirt, green knee socks and black hockey boots for cross country.

She sleeps in pyjamas and wears black slip on pinnos when in pyjamas but not of bed.

Although she may be spanked by mummy and slipped during PE to encourage her to do better the formal punishments are given by the headmaster at morning and evening punishment parades.

For morning parade she wears her PE kit and carries her right foot black pinnos which will be used on her bare bottom.

For evening parade she wears pyjamas and the black pinnos. Morning parade is usually an across the knee affair but the evening is much more formal.

First she is lectured and then stands with hands on head behind a chair but facing a low table on which lies a black slip on pinnos, a white pinnos, a table tennis bat, a riding crop, a hairbrush and a towel.

After a while she is instructed to lower her pyjama trousers and bend over to grip the front edge of the chair seat. She watches as I move to the table and select the implement. Depending on what I select there can be a reflex tensing of her bottom. After the due number of strokes are given she stands hands on head with trousers down against a wall of the room, her toes having to touch the skirting board. After less than a minute her foot shuffle and I take up a different implement and with a slap to her bottom encourage her to move her foot to the wall. I remain in position so that she can be reminded for the next 15 minutes not to move. The 15 or so strokes she receives in this position sting a lot more than the original punishment.

This sort of weekend happens to my wife once every 3 months or so and you may wonder why she does it. The answer is simple, once a month for the other 8 months of the year we change roles and I go back to school. To save having two wardrobes, however, I become a schoolgirl. The punishments I can take, its having to go out on the cross country run in girls hockey kit that worries me. Although we drive away from home I fear one day someone will recognise me.

Yours faithfully,

C.D., Cambs

Dear Sir,

Your reader's latest recently published has interested the girl Debbie featured at a certain you ran some eighteen months ago, entitled *Actually Spoken*.

Like one of those readers, I too was inspired to see Debbie's cheeky little bum again in the picture you published recently; could we have more of her, if there are any, still inspired?

That picture prompted me to re-engage out the list of five magazines in which the story appeared originally.

Re-reading it, I found to my surprise that it had been included in the list that the story was anything but a genuine and unqualified of a girl's imagination at the hands of an unscrupulous man. One commentator felt that the set-up seemed a little solitary, but it seemed perfectly feasible to me.

Do please send if you have any more pictures of Debbie, or stock somewhere.

J.P., Harms



# THE GUEST ROOM



Her heartbeat quickened when she finally caught sight of him, rounding the curve at the end of the quiet road. She raced away from the window, to stand in the appointed place, facing the doorway, next to the table, her hands on her head and her bare feet held nearly together. The rattle of the key in the front-door. The slight squeak of the door hinges. A brief low-numbered discussion behind the closed lounge door. And then he feet in the hallway, approaching the staircase, climbing the stairs, pausing as they reached the landing.

"Good evening, Sarah. He closed the door to the Guest Room behind him. "Good evening, Sir." She used to try and smile at him, but it never helped. He clasped his hands behind his back and paced slowly around her, looking carefully at her, studying her girlish shape, watching the unsteady rise and fall of her breasts beneath the thin cotton covering. He paused behind her. "This is the second occasion in less than a week, isn't it, Sarah?" She nodded without trying to say anything. "Fetch the cane!" After the few very quiet comments, the man raised his voice. He watched as she ran to the window and reached up high, right up on bare tiptoes, her little skirt mang up over her thighs as she stretched up to reach the cane where it was kept, resting along



the top of the curtain rail. She brought it to him, handing it to him, knowing by its weight that it was so thin and flexible. Knowing from painful past experience that it could curve itself around the tightest contours of her bottom leaving long thin ripples of red.

He tapped the table with the end of the long length of bamboo. She scrambled up, using her knees to reach its cold smooth surface. She turned away from him and lay face down along its length, her arms reaching forward, her legs a little apart. 'Let us take note of your sentence.' He reached for the hem of the girl's skirt and lifted it up, pushing it clear of her knees. And then, using just his free hand, the little white pants were tugged down. Right down, over her long limbs so that they nestled prettily around her bare ankles. There written across the white smoothness of her bared bottom was the punishment. 'Twelve strokes, young lady. Prepare yourself.'

With a quiet whimper of anticipation, Sarah wriggled upon the table, taking her weight from her elbows and transferring it to her breasts, lying across the table with her hands high in the middle of her back. Behind her, her bared bottom jutted out. 'Twelve strokes, Sarah. All over your bare bottom.'

She yelled almost before the first stroke landed, forcing her to jerk forward. The second and third strokes provoked louder and more urgent squeals and by the sixth





stroke, the big grown-up teenager was sobbing loudly. The man paused. 'You were warned, Sarah, on many occasions. And you were punished last, only two days ago. Perhaps after this, your behaviour will improve.' He moved back a little and took aim, applying the cane with renewed vigour across the upturned rump of the naughty disobedient girl. She shouted, pleading with him to stop, but the punishment had been set. Twelve strokes, her mother had prescribed. Twelve strokes her bottom would receive.

It seemed an eternity before the final stroke bit right across the most plump expanse of her bottom cheeks. She nearly jumped right off the table as the sting of the cane followed the nose of the impact. She heard the rattle of the cane as the man dropped it onto the table beside her, but she stayed in position. She knew the routine. And what would happen if she moved without being told to. He kept her there for five minutes or more. Sarah wasn't at all sure of the time. Her bottom was still throbbing madly as she finally slid off the table to find her feet. She stood up, her legs very unsteady, and her bottom burning beneath the little skirt, waiting for his next order.

'Undress, Sarah.' It took only a few seconds. First her knickers, already tangled up around her feet. Then the little skirt, revealing for the first time to his





gave, her next dark bush. And then, almost the worst thing of all. Pulling off that tee shirt, so that her breasts bobbed out. Each item of clothing was carefully folded and placed upon the table before the man's steady gaze. The bottom drawer. The man pointed. Sarah turned away from him and bent down, knowing that he was watching the tight round curves of her bottom, and probably quite a lot more besides. From inside the drawer, she unrolled a large sheet of white paper which she placed across one end of the table. 'Back up on the table.' Sarah wished the earth would open up and swallow her, or that awful man. Once again, in full view, she scrambled up onto the table, though this time her knickers and skirt were not available to offer her any modesty. It was difficult, climbing up onto such a high surface. Especially when you were naked and a man was watching your every move.

This time she lay on her back, staring up at him, her head raised up slightly so that she could see him. This was the most embarrassing moment of all. The record, her mother called it. The man lifted up her long bare legs, so that her bottom and her thighs were lifted up from the table's surface. And then he did the white paper under her, just like a mother presents her infant with a clean white nappy. He made



sure it was exactly in position. And then he allowed her to lower her legs. She sat up, waiting for his direction, her punished bottom now pressed flat against the paper. Then again, she lay back, this time closing her eyes, as once again the man raised her legs and lifted her thighs and bottom clear of the paper. He did the paper away from her. She climbed off the table and stood up, praying that he would leave soon and leave her to herself. To soothe her poor bottom as best she could. He handed the white sheet of paper to her. 'Take it to your bedroom.' She almost ran along the landing, and pressed it up into the wall, the adhesive tabs still in position from the last occasion. He followed her. And together they stood and stared. In the centre of the paper, somewhat blurred, was the impression of her mother's lipstick figures. A reminder, as if she needed it, that her bad behaviour had warranted twelve stinging strokes of the cane. And the twelve strokes could be counted, if you studied the paper for long enough. For the numbers had been encircled by the strokes of the cane. Where the lipstick had been wiped away, Sarah knew the cane had landed. An exact impression of the round surface of her bottom. An exact record of her punishment. She could even make out that last wicked stroke, the sharpest diagonal impression across the numbers meaning that the cane had reached right down and around the lowest most sensitive regions of her bottom.

The sheet of paper would stay there on display, until her mother felt she had really learnt her lesson. And for the next hour, Sarah would be confined to her bedroom. While she rubbed cold cream into her burning bottom she would have ample time to study that record of her pain. The man left quietly, closing her bedroom door behind him. He would be going back to the Guest Room to replace the cane above the curtain rail. And later, before her evening meal, Sarah would also have to return to the scene of the caning. To get dressed again and make sure the room was perfectly tidy. Ready for his next visit. The girl laid the palms of her hands gently upon her ridged bottom. The cold cream would soothe it. And it would help remove the last vestiges of the lipstick. She could hear a brief muffled conversation in the room below her bedroom. And then the front door opened and closed. Sarah breathed a sigh of relief. Still gently holding her bottom, she went to her bedroom window. The man was crossing the road. He was turning right, walking further on up the road. She craned her neck to see his destination. And then she knew that Jilly was the next recipient of his attentions.

Across the road at Number 23, Jilly James was standing in the centre of their







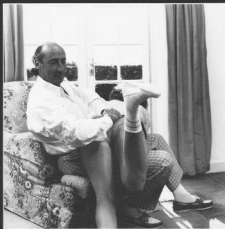
spare room. A little blonde, she was dressed in just a silly brief tee shirt which hardly covered her very ample breasts, and a little wrap-around skirt beneath which, white knickers fitted snugly around her bottom. Across the smoothness of her bottom cheeks, Jilly's mother had written two numbers. That evening it was to be double figures all round. Jilly had been staring nervously out of the window. The man had been in Sarah's house for such a long time. She knew she was in for a long session too, judging by her mother's choice of numbers. She heard the rattle of the key in the door, and the girl knew it was time.



## IN AN ENGLISHMAN'S CASTLE

The white-framed French window reflects in the bright afternoon sun blue sky, fluffy white clouds and a segment of the garden. A mature beech tree in its later summer foliage to the left and across the centre the high privacy hedge. Together with this reflection, like a double-exposed film, is what is inside the French window. A chaise longue armchair to the right and to the left and partially in the image of the beech tree is a girl. Looking out with what seems a wistful or unhappy expression. She is in a light coloured blouse and a short, tight red skirt. Below the skirt her attractive legs are bare. Her feet are in white ankle socks and white low heeled shoes. These shoes are the same ones...

From somewhere in the house there is a faint but...hrr... of a telephone. And a man's voice. The girl at the window turns and disappears.



She enters. The phone is still ringing. On a table some six feet from where Mr Winder is seated reading his paper. He beckons to her to bring it to him. 'And stand there.' Pointing to the side of his chair.

'Hello. Yes. Oh hello, Mrs Sinclair. How nice...'

Amanda blinks. Feeling her heart thump. The name is of course her own name. And the voice she can faintly hear over the phone...recognisable. Perhaps...it is to say she can come back now. She doesn't have to stay tonight and tomorrow and tomorrow night. One afternoon is enough, like before. Perhaps Mr Winder will say...

Her bottom is still faintly throbbing, even though it was an hour ago. The combined effect, one reinforcing the other, of the electric fire and Mr Winder's towel. It is an hour since she climbed tremblingly off the chair, on legs that seemed no longer made of flesh and bone but of some jelly-like substance. The towel was finally over and she could go up and take a shower and get changed and then come down. Mr Winder said. And when she did come down it was to be told to go in the lounge and stand still by the French window. 'And don't move. If I find you've moved *one inch*.'

The voice at the other end of the phone is doing all the talking. Apart from Mr Winder's occasional word of agreement. But what is being said...if you don't have your ear to the phone it is a meaningless babble. It finally comes to an end. Mr Winder's loud and affable farewells. Whatever has been said he is not now saying: 'Yes I'll bring her round then. Or: Right; you'll pick her up in ten minutes. I'll see that she's ready.'

Mr Winder replaces the phone in its cradle. Hands it to Amanda. She is to put it back on the table. And then...come back.

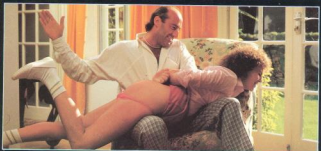
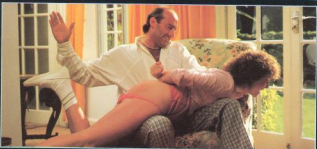
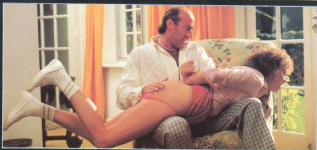
'Stand closer. Here! And stand still. How's your bottom?'

'Dreadful.' She grimaces, remembering.

'You're lying. Amanda. I know it's not bad now. Not an hour since I whipped you. Living, Amanda. And being deceitful: like trying to edge away from the fire when I put you in a certain place. It simply bears out what your mother says, doesn't it?'

She makes a face. It is pretty clear her mother hasn't requested her early return. Mr Winder's hand snakes out to deliver a stinging smack to the side of her leg. 'Down! It, Amanda!'

She yelps. 'Yes.' There is nothing else to say although it isn't true and it isn't true what her mother says.





"What you need, Amanda, is a good whipping every hour. From the time you get up until you go to bed. A good whipping with the towel every hour, after 15 minutes close in front of that fire. For a week. Do you think that would sort you out? Do you?"

"Yes...yes," she yelps before the hand can come out again.

"And all that running about with young men. I know how to stop that. Six or seven more mature characters. Give you an evening with them. That would cool you down a bit, don't you think. Make you decide you'd had enough of that sort of thing. Eh?"

"No!" she yelps.

He grabs her. Grips her arm and pulls her down over his lap. "Don't you mean yes, Amanda. It would make you think you'd had enough of it." He is grabbing up the short skirt. Working it up over her hips. And then the knickers — not the same knickers, those are pink — pulling them down. So that Amanda's bottom is bare again. She is gaping, staring, at this sudden assault. He twists her arm behind her back, grasping her wrist. His free hand delivers a stinging slap to her writhing bottom-cheeks.

"For your information, Amanda, if

you didn't hear, your mother wants me to keep you as long as I think necessary." Another splatting smack. "She thinks if I can't do anything with you no one can and therefore I am to have every opportunity." A third resounding slap. "What have you got to say to that?"

Amanda doesn't say anything. There is only a whimpering moan. Mr Winder smacks her again and then drags her knickers down a bit further. Slides his hand in between the soft warm thighs. "Eh, Amanda? What do you think?"

She makes a gurgling sound. His fingers are there, right there again.

Working her. A whimpering moan. 'This is what you like, eh Amanda? This is what naughty, wretched girls like.' She can't help it, her hips are responding to the hand. Thrusting rhythmically against it. Because of everything: that fire, that taste, now over his lap being spanked. She is in such a state that she can't help...It is getting worse, more intense. She hasn't any control. She can hear herself moaning: a moan of anticipated release...and then...

Mr Winder has stopped. He has taken his hand away, just as she was about to...go over the top. Another of those stinging smacks to her bottom, only this one, with its shock effect at that very moment, is much worse. He is pushing her to her feet. Once again, as at the end of the teasing, though this time for a different reason, her legs seem incapable of supporting her. She holds onto the arm of his chair. Mr Winder coolly eyes her.

'Yes Amanda. A wretched, wretched girl. Another taste of that taste is called for, don't you think?'

She doesn't, can't answer. Her whole body is shaking. 'Go and get the towel then.' With a moan she turns.

'Wait. Just a moment. Let's see if you can act in a more submissive manner. Like man's faithful friend. Get down on your hands and knees. Go on, Amanda. Get down. That's it. Now go out like that: hands and knees. And bring it back like my faithful friend Buster used to bring my Telegraph. In that pretty mouth. Go on, Amanda.'

Climbing up on the high chair again. In boxer and ankle socks and the low-heeled white shoes. The short red skirt was removed before she stood in front of the fire and so were the knickers. Amanda's bottom is as hot as the first time. Really scorching. She hangs onto the back of the chair. A little whimper as Mr Winder's hand touches her throbbing bottom. She shivers as the hand caresses the burning cheeks. His voice is silky, like the canvas.

'If you weren't such a wretched girl, Amanda, you wouldn't need any of this. You wouldn't have to suffer any of this business. And I wouldn't have to give it to you. You don't think I enjoy all this, do you?'

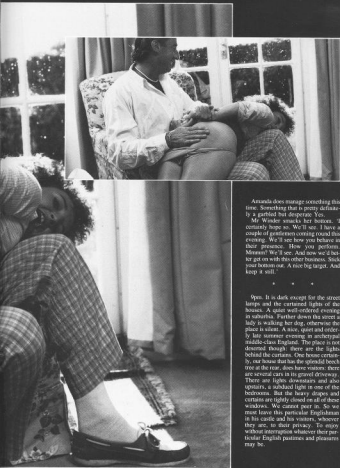
A spluttering, unintelligible sound. Even if Amanda were capable of clear speech at this point there would not be much of an answer to Mr Winder's statement. 'Do you think you can try and improve, my dear? Otherwise, as I've told you, your mother said I was to keep you here as long as I thought fit.'











Amanda does manage something this time. Something that is pretty definitely a parbled but desperate Yes.

Mr Winder smacks her bottom. 'I certainly hope so. We'll see. I have a couple of gentlemen coming round this evening. We'll see how you behave in their presence. How you perform. Mmmmm? We'll see. And now we'd better get on with this other business. Stick your bottom out. A nice big target. And keep it still.'

\* \* \*

Open. It is dark except for the street lamps and the patterned lights of the houses. A quiet well-ordered evening in suburbia. Farther down the street a lady is walking her dog, otherwise the place is silent. A nice, quiet and orderly late summer evening in archetypal middle-class England. The place is not deserted though: there are the lights behind the curtains. One house certainly, our house that has the splendid beech tree at the rear, does have visitors: there are several cars in its gravel driveway. There are lights downstairs and also upstairs, a softish light in one of the bedrooms. But the heavy drapes and curtains are tightly closed on all of these windows. We cannot peer in. So we must leave this particular Englishman in his castle and his visitors, whoever they are, to their privacy. To enjoy without interruption whatever their particular English pastimes and pleasures may be.

# MR BALCHER STRIKES AGAIN

Our little functional room. Mr Pearling's room: the sign says *Mr Pearling on the other side of one of those facing doors, the one next to the chest*. The room is as before: the same simple functional furniture most noteworthy of which is of course the spiky-legged wooden horse. That horse which reveals and is central to this room's primary function. On closer inspection, though, not all is unchanged. The notice board on the wall. At the top it still says: *Sharon Smithfield: 11 o'clock and Janice Maybury: 11.30*. These notes should have been wiped off now, they are clearly redundant, referring as they do to appointments of two days ago but by some oversight — or it could alternatively be described as downright idleness on the part of Mr Balcher within whose purview wiping of notice boards falls — it is not. Below these appointments the note of Sharon's evening visit of that same day — *Sharon Smithfield: 8 o'clock* — has been scrawled over but again not properly wiped off. Mr Balcher does seem to be going from bad to worse. His routine duties simply at times ignored as he pursues what interests him around this place. And what interests Mr Balcher tends to be centred on one thing. Those appointments refer to two days ago. There have been others since which perhaps have been marked up on the notice board in the corridor (suckle. And there is today. Now. Sharon Smithfield again.

She is here, sitting on the horse. Chewing her soft lower lip in a reflective, thoughtful, and it could well be apprehensive, manner. The fact that she is sitting on the horse would at least indicate that she has not been caned or birched in the very recent past. Otherwise she would choose to stand rather than, as it is, perching on that shapely rear. Which is neither clad in the clinging plastic knickers that Mr Pearling likes to make girls wear nor is it in the skin-tight cotton shorts, thinner than thin, that he prefers for a caning. Sharon is wearing ordinary, if rather brief, pale blue nylon knickers. And a loose T-top.

It is 2.05 pm. Sharon has naturally checked the notice board but, as we have seen, everything up there is out of date. She has an appointment with Mr Pearling this afternoon but Mr Pearling said 2.30. That is what she clearly remembers but just before lunch Mr Balcher came sidling up and said it had been changed; it is now at the earlier time of 2 o'clock.



Of course Mr Balcher tried to make a meal of it, trying to grab her as he delivered this information and indeed succeeding in getting his creepy hands on Sharon's tits. Fighting him off and with the vivid memory of that awful stuff he put on her two days ago, she did not question it. But now she is wondering. She should perhaps have checked. The trouble is that you don't want to go to Mr Pearling unnecessarily. He won't be grabbing at your tits and all the rest but Mr Pearling will not be happy if you are wasting his time. 'Can't you understand when you are given a simple message, Miss? I think we'd better have a double dose, don't you?'

But perhaps she should have checked anyway. Because there is this other thing: what she is wearing. Mr Balcher also said, 'Informal dress. That's not 'e said.' Then cackling and managing to get her two wrists in one hand, and his other hand sliding up the front of her thighs to

the crotch of her knickers. 'Jas' those ordinary knicks 'ud do. That's not 'e said.' Holy struggling to get away from his hand right there, immediately after he had groped her tits. Sharon was not concerned as to whether Mr Balcher could have simply made it up. Not then. But she is thinking that now. Mr Pearling never gives a punishment in ordinary knickers. Never. She should have gone to him and asked. And then she could have got Mr Balcher in trouble if he was telling lies. But on the other hand...

It is 2.05. Mr Pearling wouldn't be five minutes late. And so...The door opens. The unkempt form, the stubbly face, and unmistakably the wary, watchful eyes: yes it is Mr Balcher. Closing the door carefully behind him. Sharon grits her teeth. Mr Balcher must have tricked her. The bast...

He grins at her. 'Sharon: 'ere we are then.'

'You said...' she barts accusingly.



'You said Mr Pearling said... Look...'  
'What did I say?' Mr Balcher cracks his head on one side. 'I don't know as I recall. But you girls are always gettin' things muddled up. An' I know why. Cos all you can think about is wot you got there between those pretty legs. Eh...eh...'

Sharon ignores this typical horrible remark. 'Now...I shall tell Mr Pearling. And what did he say? I bet he didn't say wear this.' She turns towards the door. 'Oh...I'll have to change. You're just...'

Grimacing Mr Balcher is standing in front of the door, waiting to grab her. The other door doesn't really go anywhere except into what is strictly Mr Balcher's territory: the boilers, and his little room. That room where he got her up on the table and put a blob of that awful stuff in her.

'You shouldn't be so awkward, young Sharon. Try an' be a bit more frien'ly like. I could prob'ly get you off some o' they punishments if I wanted.'

Sharon makes a scornful snorting sound. That is ridiculous: it is Mr Balcher who does his best to get her into trouble. She is attempting to get to the door without a close encounter with Mr Balcher. But it is not possible. His big hand comes in on her tit.

'It's true. Look at that Emma. She's not in 'ave all the time 'avis' 'or been whipped. An' that's cos she come to me, frien'ly like, an' ask me to do wot I could. An' I 'ad a word wiv Mr Pearling. An' 'e said yes alright Balcher, I'll see about that.'

'Get off.' She is struggling away from his hands. What he says is ridiculous. But it is true that Emma doesn't get a lot of punishments, or doesn't seem to. Not like herself or Janice say, but then, perhaps that's because Mr Pearling likes to punish only the prettier girls, or then again, perhaps it's because Sharon and Janice are younger than some of the others, both being not yet nineteen. 'Get off,' she gasps again. 'Let me go...!' But Mr Balcher is not letting her go. He has got a firm grip on her now, she is squashed hard up against him, unwillingly breathing in that odour that you get at close quarters with Mr Balcher: a mixture essentially of old pipe tobacco and infrequently washed clothes and person. It is an odour that can be overpowering and as well Mr Balcher has got her top yanked up at the back and is groping her bottom. And in addition there is the inescapable fact that Mr Pearling is going to come in and find her unsuitably dressed. Mr Balcher's mouth is close to Sharon's ear.

'You take note, my girl. An' be sensible.'

Sharon manages to get her face free from the smelly old jacket. Her voice is desperate. 'Look...let me go...I've got to get changed...And then...maybe...'

'Come in an' see me then? 'Ave a nice cuppa tea. An' a nice frien'ly chat.' Mr





Balcher's voice is eager while one large hand is still mounding her bottom in the skimpy nylon knickers. Which are not the right knickers for Mr Pearling, Awful Mr Pearling and awful, awful Mr Balcher. But Mr Balcher doesn't want to come you, he isn't allowed to for one thing, and when you're in the middle of one of Mr Pearling's castings — a double dose — and you think you're dying and there's nothing you wouldn't do to get out of it... It will be a double dose if Mr Pearling finds her in here dressed like she is. Mr Balcher has tried to get her into his room before. For 'a nice cuppa'. Only it won't be for just a cup of tea, Sharon knows that. But if he could do what he says... She doesn't believe it but it's true about Emma. And now... if only she can get out now. It won't take five minutes. Mr Pearling must be coming at 2.30 like he said. And if she can just get those nasty skin-tight cotton shorts on... well, at least it will only be a regular casting, not a double or even a double double.

'Yes, OK!' she yelps. Anything to get out now.

But time has already slipped by and also Mr Balcher is not keen to let go of her immediately. When he's cornered one of them and got a good grip on her, his greedy hands on the choicer parts, there is a strong disinclination to let go. He is anyway not concerned if Sharon does get a double dose from Mr Pearling. He will make an excuse to wander back through in the middle of it. The sound of Sharon's anguished squawks and the sight of her red-striped bottom will, as usual, be highly stimulating. And it will serve to concentrate her mind further. To prevent any backsliding now she has finally said yes. Not of course that Mr Balcher does have any influence with Mr Pearling — not a positive influence as he claims though he can get girls into extra trouble — but they usually reach a state when they will clutch at any straw.

So when he does finally leave off it is because it is almost 2.30 and he knows Mr Pearling's entry is imminent. Sharon, looking in despair at the clock, feels like weeping. Her tormentor, with the air of a man who has important duties to perform, is going over to the chest to check its contents. Helplessly Sharon adjusts her knickers which have been partially dragged down by Mr Balcher. Right on time Mr Pearling enters. He looks hard at Sharon's attire.

'Everything's outright 'one, Mr Pearling.' Mr Balcher the trusty and hard-working janitor announces. Mr Pearling ignores him.

'Can you tell me exactly why you are dressed in that manner, Miss?'

Sharon's mouth opens and closes without making any sound apart from a little squeak. She could tell on Mr Balcher but he is still here and would stoutly deny it. And Mr Pearling would anyway ask why she has chosen to listen





to rubbish which completely contradicts well-known regulations. As she stands dumb he yanks up her top and sees those pale blue knickers underneath.

'Eh, young woman? What is the meaning of it?' Mr Pearling's eyes are angry and he's had enough when he's not angry. Sharon's dress is a direct challenge to authority. Girls are made to wear the tight plastic see-through knickers as a reminder that they are under strict control, that Mr Pearling directs their lives. And likewise the skin-tight cobweb-thin cotton shorts which are his preferred wear for a caning. In this ordinary T-top and those equally ordinary knickers there is no control, no sense of submission.

'Right, my girl. We will see if you can't be taught a lesson. I was in any case wishing to draw to your attention the number of times I have had to deal with you recently.' He has the punishment ledger open and thrusts it in her face. 'Look...look...'

Mr Pearling snaps the book shut and puts it down. Mr Balcher by now has melted out. Sharon is alone with Mr Pearling. Who has gone to the chest and taken out a nasty-looking tawse.

'Pull them down, young woman. Get those things down. We'll start you off with a dose of this.'

Mr Pearling is going over to sit on the horse. He is going to strap her over his lap. That tawse can be just as bad as the cane or the birch and indeed with the way Mr Pearling is obviously feeling — intent on teaching her a real lesson — it could well be worse. 'Come on!' he barks. 'Get them down and get over here. This instant!'

Oh Jesus! Sharon's hands fumbling at the brief knickers which only minutes before Mr Balcher has been grabbing at. 'Pl...please...' she wails. As she steps forward with her knickers finally down round her knees. Sharon is thinking again of Mr Balcher. If he really could get her off this — even get her off some of the whippings — it would be worth anything.

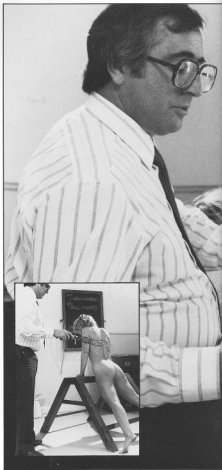
Getting down over his lap. Mr Pearling angrily junks up her top. There is Sharon's bottom bare above the lowered pale blue knickers. These seem to have a similar effect to a red rag with a bull. He grabs them further down until the knickers are hanging loosely over one ankle. Then grabs Sharon by the scruff of her neck.

'Right, young lady. Let's give you something that you'll feel for once, shall we?'

He can't do it any harder than one or two Sharon has had in the past. That is what she thinks...until he whips that tawse down across the centre of her cowering, quivering nates.

SPLATT!...

The sound is like a rifle shot. Echoed by an almost instantaneous piercing shriek. Sharon's body is automatically jerking, jack-knifing. It is only the hand







gripping her neck and a handful of brown curls that prevents her rolling straight on to the floor.

"Feed that did you?" Mr Pearling does not wait for an answer.  
**SPLATT!!!**

The second is just as bad. No, it is worse, landing as it does partially across the throbbing line of the first stroke.  
"Noooo..." Sharon gasps. "No more..."

But there are more. Oh yes. Mr Pearling gets a firmer grip on Sharon by pulling one of her arms behind her back and gripping her waist. And then he really gets going. Rifle shot follows rifle shot. The room echoes and re-echoes to the sound of this gunfire and the counterpointed anguished shrieks. It goes on and on. And when at last Mr Pearling pushes Sharon off his lap it is not because he is finished but merely wants a change of position. The shaking, wet-faced girl is to be on the horse now. Lying on it. On her back with her legs in the air. Don't worry, Mr Pearling will see she doesn't fall, he has hold of the raised legs in one hand. While with the other:

**SPLATT!...and SPLATT!...and SPLATT!...**

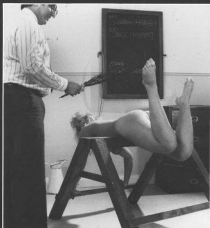
Halfway through and with excellent timing — though this timing is not so remarkable when it is remembered that the door has a keyhole — the unpossessing figure of Mr Balcher slips quietly into the room. Some essential duty requires him to cross into the other corridor. He takes his time in his tip-toed traverse of Mr Pearling's room. All eyes of course on this truly invigorating spectacle. My word! It is clear that Sharon will only need a gentle reminder of this to ensure there is no renegeing on what she has finally agreed.

Yes. Twenty minutes later he is slipping back into the room again. Mr Balcher has his broom this time, just in case and for theatrical purposes only, but he knows, from keeping his eyes sharply open, that Mr Pearling has just left. He has finished with Sharon. She is still here. Trying to make the major effort that is required to get her clothes on and leave. It requires an almost super-human effort to do anything: even stand up. Sharon is made apart from socks and shoes. The last part of her punishment has been carried out with a birch and in the nude, bending over the horse. It is now at last over and Mr Pearling has left and she has somehow to dress and leave herself. And here from somewhere is Mr Balcher...

Talking to her. His voice sympathetic, consoling. Mr Balcher of course is only after what he wants, he is not really concerned. He is naturally grabbing again with her having no clothes on, and Sharon is in too much of a state to resist. And almost certainly he can't do what he says, exert influence with Mr Pearling. Sharon knows he can't, not really. But nonetheless...Mr Balcher is saying a time. And she is saying...OK.







"No! You said just come in for a cup of tea."

Mr Balcher wants Sharon to take her knickers off. Now she is here, in his little room, it is not quite the same. It is not the same as being over Mr Pearling's home or upside down on it on your back and knowing you'll do anything for the faintest chance of getting out of this. Being here in Mr Balcher's stale-smelling little room which contains various bits of discarded furniture, not least of these items being the threadbare sofa on which Sharon is now reluctantly sitting with Mr Balcher. There is also the table, a reminder of that awful thing he did two days ago. ("Do'y my little job," according to the perpetrator). But it is this sofa which is of more direct concern now to Sharon. It is clearly where...Mr Balcher's room is also very hot, too hot. Because it is next to the boiler. And there is of course Mr Balcher. All over her. Grabbing. "Get off," she says for the twentieth or hundredth time, but naturally he doesn't.

"If you're too 'ot, Sharon, take your knickers off. Be nice an' cool down" says Fanny Adams. Look I on'y want to smack your bum a bit. A little bit o' fun, that's all."

"I think I'd better go," she says. That thought is not nice, it is horrible. Mr Balcher smacking her bare bottom. But if that were all he wanted. It would be horrible...but not the end of the world. Is it possible...?

"Look I better go," she repeats. But doesn't. Partly because Mr Balcher has a firm hold of her. He is trying to get her knickers off himself. "Get off. You'll...rip them."

"Well then. You do it."

"Look. Oh, Please..."

Inevitably perhaps the knickers come off. He gets her over his lap. Smacking her bottom. And of course also teasing about. Grabbing. Feeling. It was a mistake to agree. Of course. Not that she did really agree. It was...

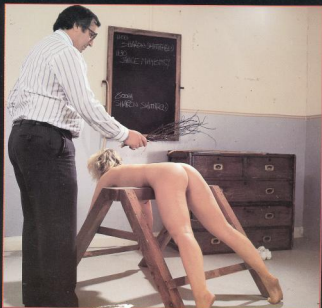
"No. Look...You're not...NO!"

Sharp squeals. Yelps. Sounds that have been heard before in this little room. Mr Balcher grinning. "Girls always like to say no. It makes them feel better."



Mr Balcher perusing a list of names. He has a stubby lead pencil in his hand and it comes up to his mouth. He licks the tip. Against various names on the list there are roughly pencilled asterisks. With great deliberation Mr Balcher applies the sharpened tip of his pencil to the paper. A careful asterisk is drawn against a previously un-asterisked name.

While at the same time, by chance, although it is not wholly chance, Sharon Smithfield in the room she shares with two other girls is chewing her lip as she anxiously looks at a calendar. Counting days, dates.



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